THE

WIDOW OF MALABAR.

A

TRAGEDY,

IN THREE ACTS.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM LANE,

AT THE

Minerva,

LEADENHALL-STREET.

M.DCC.XCI.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

MRS. CRESPIGNY,

MADAM,

AS I have no method of teſtifying my grateful reſpect towards you, but by inſcribing the humble productions of my Muſe to your name, I truſt you will not think me preſumptuous in addreſſing to you THE WIDOW OF MALABAR; eſpecially, as the chief part of that applauſe with which my Tragedy has been honoured originated from your zealous friendſhip and powerful ſupport.

THAT you are the beſt and moſt active of Friends I have long experienced; that you poſſeſs the moſt benevolent and candid of ſpirits every day evinces; conſequently, I am induced to hope you will receive the labours of a young and inexperienced Writer with indulgence, and preſerve her Offspring, by your extenſive influence, from being conſign-

ed to oblivion by the ſhafts of Criticiſm, or the more grievous wounds of Neglect.

I KNOW not how to expreſs my thankfulneſs to all my Friends, and to the Public in general, for their moſt kind and flattering reception of my Tragedy; — but to you, MADAM, my debt of gratitude is ſo large that I can never find means to repay it:—if, therefore, you would accept, as *intereſt* for this *debt*, all the regard my heart is capable of ſhewing you, and allow me, during the whole of my future life, to diſtinguiſh myſelf by the title of Your Friend, you would, if poſſible, add to the favors you have already conferred upon Her, who has the honor to be,

MADAM,

Your moſt obliged,

affectionate and devoted

Epſom, Jan. 24, 1791.

humble Servant,

MARIANA STARKE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Tragedy is, in many reſpects, imitated from M. LE MIERRE's celebrated Drama, entitled, LA VEUVE DU MALABAR, which had a moſt uncommonly long run in Paris, and which is now become, in a tranſlation, a favourite Tragedy of the Germans:—Such being the caſe, the Authoreſs feels it neceſſary to apologiſe for not having contented herſelf with *tranſlating* inſtead of *imitating* LA VEUVE DU MALABAR; but ſhe was well convinced, that neither the Plot, nor the long declamatory Scenes of the French Play, would have been approved, or even tolerated, by an *Engliſh* Audience; therefore, ſhe rejected all thoughts of a Tranſlation, and has ventured to exhibit a Drama in ſome meaſure her own; truſting that the Public will be indulgent to a *firſt Eſſay*, and that if her Work ſhould poſſeſs merit ſufficient to be deemed worthy of criticiſm, it will be ſuch criticiſm as may teach her to correct her errors without too ſeverely wounding her ſelf-love.

The

THE Authoreſs takes this opportunity of returning her grateful acknowledgments to Mr. HARRIS for his liberality reſpecting the decorations of her Play, and for the care he has obligingly taken in getting it up :—To all the Performers likewiſe, and to Miſs BRUNTON in particular, her very beſt thanks are due ; neither can ſhe cloſe this Advertiſement without acknowledging how much her Tragedy has been embelliſhed by Mr. Stevens's elegant and characteriſtic Muſic.

PRO-

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN BY

T. W. FITZGERALD, Esq.

AND SPOKEN BY

Mr. HOLMAN.

IN Climes remote, where Ganges rolls his wave,
At once the Indian's Idol and his grave!
Where ſultry ſuns in ardent minds infuſe
The richeſt ſubjects for the Tragic Muſe,
A Cuſtom reigns, which harrows up the ſoul,
And bends e'en Nature to its ſtern controul!
When Fate cuts ſhort the *Hindoo*'s thread of life,
One tomb ingulphs the Huſband and the Wife:
The Widow, warm in youth, muſt yield her breath,
And, ſelf-devoted, ſeek her Lord in death:
In gay attire ſhe mounts the aweful Pile,
Nor dares with tears the horrid Rites defile;
Her heaving boſom muſt repreſs the ſigh,
And learn with Stoic apathy to die:
For, ſhould ſhe yield to Nature's pow'rful ſway,
And not with ſmiles this *Bramin* Law obey,
Shou'd ſhe, with horror, ſhun the ſcorching flame,
Eternal infamy awaits her name!
Driven from her *Caſte*, ſhe wanders on the Earth,
Diſown'd by thoſe to whom ſhe owes her birth;
Life grows a burden which ſhe cannot bear,
And Death the only refuge from Deſpair!
Unhappy Race! by double chains confin'd,
Oppreſs'd in body, and enſlav'd in mind;
For ever doom'd ſome tyrant to obey,
The Prieſt's, the Deſpot's, or the Stranger's prey!

How

How bleſs'd the Natives of *this* happier Land,
Where FREEDOM long has made her glorious ſtand!
Where neighb'ring Kingdoms may, with envy, ſee
The MONARCH *great*, becauſe the SUBJECT'S *free!*
A Nation fam'd for arts, in arms renown'd,
By laws themſelves created only bound;
Who boaſt, what Hiſtory can ſeldom prove,
A PRINCE enthron'd upon *his People's Love!*
Would Europe's ſons, who viſit Aſia's ſhore,
Where plunder'd Millions can afford no more,
To nobler ends direct their future aim,
And wipe from India's annals Europe's ſhame;
Let them, with Reaſon's power ſubdue the breaſt,
Inform the Erring, and relieve th'Oppreſt;
By laws benign a gen'ral bliſs impart,
And fix an empire in the grateful heart!
Theſe are purſuits more worthy of their care
Than Realms obtain'd by all-devouring War.
And now, our AUTHOR bade me plead the cauſe
Of ONE whoſe proudeſt hope is—*your* applauſe.
On *your* ſupport the trembling Bard depends,
You, who to merit prove the conſtant Friends,
Who love the Muſe's Offspring to ſuſtain,
Who judge with *candour* and condemn with *pain.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

WRITTEN BY

R. J. STARKE, Eſq.

AND SPOKEN BY

Mrs. MATTOCKS.

Mrs. Mattocks enters as if puſhed upon the Stage by the Prompter, to whom ſhe addreſſes the two firſt Lines.

UPON my word, you treat me very ill
To force me here—ſo much againſt my will.

To the Audience.

WELL, I proteſt, 'tis not a little hard
That I'm to plead the cauſe of our young Bard!
I bore no part in this new-fangled play,
Therefore, in fortune's name, what can I ſay?—

Diſpatch'd, in ſo much haſte, from the Green-room,
To find out—if I can—this WIDOW's doom!
They tell me, ev'ry winning way to try,
To rattle, coax, or ſcold; to laugh, or cry;
Nay, turn a very *Proteus*, ſo I pleaſe ye—
Smile then—come, ſmile, before a panic ſeize me;
For your dread anger our ſmall Realm can ſhake;
Even your frowns can make its baſis quake;
The ſuperſtructure then comes tumbling down,
And buries fancied Fame and caſtle-built Renown:
Then, helter-ſkelter, plumes and pinions fly,
And blaſted laurels 'mid the ruins lie;
While Envy, ſmiling grim, her viſage ſhews,
And fills THE WORLD next morning with the news.

But

But how ſhall I about my arduous taſk,
If neither you nor I muſt wear a maſk?
If truth muſt out, and no kind ſmiles appear,
I ſhall not like to ſtand as COUNSEL *here.*
We've juſt been taught, nor was it deem'd a wonder,
That Jove's decrees are uſher'd in by *thunder.*—
Come, then—one Clap, ye mighty Pow'rs on *high!*
I love the pealing thunders of your ſky,
They augur well,—yet hold—it may be odds
But there's ſome lurking Fiend among you Gods,
Whoſe baleful wrath a *hiſſing* bolt may aim,
To burn poor *me,* and blaſt OUR AUTHOR's fame:
And I'm not, like our Heroine, in ſuch haſte,
For fiery trials——they don't hit my taſte.
Hark!—in yon box, I hear ſome Fair Ones ſay,
"We really ſhou'd not like to die *that* way;
"'Tis a bad precedent—let's damn the Play."
Hold, gentle Creatures! in theſe favour'd times,
Mercy prevails, even o'er diſtant Climes,
And makes the human Race her fondeſt care,
Whether their hue be tawny, black, or fair.
Then, ſince the Age is thus to Mercy prone,
In *this Tribunal, you* can fix her throne;
Break Criticiſm's ſhaft, quench Rancour's fire,
Nor light our trembling AUTHOR's Funeral-Pyre.

PERSONS

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

Raymond, *General of the Engliſh Forces,*	Mr. Farren.
Albert, *an Engliſh Officer,* - - -	Mr. Evatt.
The Chief Bramin, - - - -	Mr. Harley.
The ſecond Bramin, - - - -	Mr. Powell.
The young Bramin, - - - -	Mr. Holman.
Narrain, *an Indian Chief,* - -	Mr. Thompſon.
Indamora, *the Widow of Malabar,* -	Miſs Brunton.
Fatima, *her Attendant, a Perſian,* - -	Mrs. Rock.

Bramins, — Fakirs, — Relations of the Widow, — Engliſh Officers, — Soldiers, &c. &c.

The vocal parts by Meſſ. Banniſter and Incledon, Mrs. Warrell, Miſs Williams, Miſs Stuart, and Mrs. Mountain.

SCENE, a Sea-port City on the Malabar Coaſt.

Time of Action, one Day.

*** *The Lines marked with inverted Commas are omitted in the Repreſentation.*

ACT

THE

WIDOW OF MALABAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The inside of the Pagod of ESWARA.

THE CHIEF-BRAMIN—THE SECOND BRAMIN—THE YOUNG BRAMIN—AND OTHER BRAMINS.

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

BUKAH, illuſtrious Chief, in arms renown'd,
Has paid the debt to nature.

[*To the ſecond Bramin.*

Bramin, go,
Learn if his Conſort, as our cuſtom dictates,
(That ſacred cuſtom which maintains it's ſway
In ev'ry State where holy Ganges flows,)
Learn if her mind be fix'd to mount the Pile,
And join, in death, her mighty Huſband's ſhade.

[*Exit ſecond Bramin.*

[*To the young Bramin.*

Young Prieſt, the glorious envied taſk is thine,
To guide the widow'd Fair to certain bliſs;

Since thou waſt laſt admitted 'mong the Train
Who watch, with pious zeal, o'er BRAMA's altars.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

And can you, then, while England's hardy Sons
Hurl their dread thunders at our groaning City;
Can you, when ruthleſs war, with iron hand,
Has made theſe Shores a theatre of horror,
Say, can you add to our calamities
A ſacrifice which nature ſhudders at?
Shall I prepare this Victim for the Pile?
No—rather let my tongue eſſay to ſave her.
In Realms remote from hence, her Lord was ſlain;
She ſaw him not at thoſe ſoul-melting moments
When, ſtruggling in the fearful graſp of death,
The cruel Huſband, from his awe-ſtruck Partner,
Full oft obtains a promiſe to deſcend,
With his loath'd aſhes, to the ſilent tomb.

CHIEF BRAMIN.

And what avails that he ne'er gain'd her promiſe?
Cou'd ſhe whoſe blood has flow'd unſullied down
Thro' a long line of glorious Anceſtors,
Cou'd ſhe be vile enough to purchaſe life
With total loſs of honor?—"Cou'd ſhe bear
"To live degraded, ſhun'd, calumniated,
"The foul reproach of all her noble race?"

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Ill-fated Wives of cruel Malabar!
While wedded, forc'd to drag the galling chain
Of abject ſervitude, to live the Slaves
Of a proud Tyrant's will:—when widow'd, doom'd
To feel the ſharpeſt ſtings of obloquy,
Or die for him, whom, living, ye abhor'd!

CHIEF BRAMIN.

Know'ſt thou not, Youth, with what tyrannic pow'r
Imperious

Imperious Cuſtom rules o'er Human-kind?
Whene'er Japan's great Maſter bends to fate,
Finds he not flatterers e'en after death,
Who pour their life-blood on his ſenſeleſs clay?
And ſaw we not, when India's Sov'reign Lord
Mounted the regal ſeat, his Brothers all
Doom'd to the murdrous bowſtring?—Is not Man,
O, everlaſting ſhame!—on Niger's banks
Put up to common ſale, ſhackled, enſlav'd,
And treated worſe than BRAMA's Children treat
The deadlieſt reptile that infeſts our clime?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Can Cuſtom baniſh ev'ry tender feeling,
And render Men more ſavage e'en than Brutes?
O, for ſome Spirit of ſuperior kind,
Some glorious ſoul by love of freedom fir'd,
Whoſe nervous hand might break this Tyrant's chains,
And place benignant Reaſon on her throne!

Enter Second Bramin.

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

What tidings bring'ſt thou?—Has the youthful Widow
Reſolv'd to burn with her departed Lord?

SECOND BRAMIN.

She has; and means to mount the Pyre this day.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

O, how my heart bleeds for her!—Can the Gods,
Can they enjoin this dreadful Sacrifice?
" Have they not given to each created being
" The fondeſt, the moſt earneſt wiſh to live?
" Is not this ſpacious univerſe replete
" With bleſſings to ſuſtain and ſweeten life?

" And can the Gods, all-gracious as they ſeem,
" Demand that we ſhou'd caſt their boon away
" Amid the horrid agonies of fire?"

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Hearken, raſh Boy.—A mightier voice than mine,
The voice of BRAMA warns thee to be mute,
" Know'ſt thou our law, and know'ſt thou not that virtue
" By ſuff'rings only can obtain reward?
" View the Fakirs,—their voluntary torments
" Surpaſs deſcription and exceed belief;
" Yet they are anxious ſtill to ſuffer more,
" And from this mortal fabric purge away
" Each baſe alloy that preſſes down the ſoul
" To miſery eternal.—Wou'dſt thou then,
" O, wou'dſt thou ſtrive t' appal the pious Fair,
" And baffle, thus, her glorious enterprize?"
Hence! lead her to the flames!—and rather try
To fan the holy zeal that warms her breaſt.

YOUNG BRAMIN, *(aſide,)*

Gods! wherefore am I doom'd t'inſpire this Victim
With zeal I cannot cheriſh?—I, whoſe ſight
Was never blaſted yet with the dread view
Of human ſacrifice.

CHIEF BRAMIN.

How?—Doſt thou pauſe?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Commit the taſk to others—I am young—

CHIEF BRAMIN.

Therefore, thy duty is ſubmiſſion. Hence!
Be faithful to the mighty Power we ſerve,

And in me rev'rence his Vicegerent here.

[*Exit the young Bramin.*

Enter Narrain.

CHIEF BRAMIN.

Narrain!—What cauſe brings thee?

NARRAIN.

Our Rajah's will:
He deems it frenzy, at a time like this,
When ſhowers of iron death o'erwhelm the City,
To draw our Warriors from the tott'ring walls
To gaze at a religious ſpectacle:
'Tis, therefore, his requeſt, that you poſtpone
The ſacrifice of beauteous Indamora,
(The youthful Widow whom our law requires
To burn with her dead Lord,) till a ſhort truce
From England's Leader be obtain'd. Reflect,
This ſacred Temple, your aſylum, ſtands
Cloſe to the ramparts:—Were funeral fires
From yonder conſecrated ſquare to riſe,
The blazing wonder could not fail to ſtrike
Each Britiſh eye:—and wou'd not England's Sons
Eſſay to ſtop the rites?—too ſure they would!
Nay, e'en our City, of its Guards bereav'd,
Might fall an eaſy conqueſt.

CHIEF BRAMIN, *(after a pauſe.)*

Chief, retire.
Anon, we'll claim admiſſion to the Rajah,
And bear him our reſolves.

[*Exit* Narrain.

Immortal BRAMA,
Shall we poſtpone thy rites, deſert thy altars,
Becauſe the plagues of war are ſcatter'd o'er us?
No!—rather be our ſacrifices doubled—

That we may deprecate the wrath of Heaven,
Draw down its hotteſt light'nings on the Foe,
And drive him from this ſhore.—The preſent moment
Alone, perhaps, is our's; — but, let us prove,
That BRAMA's Sons, tho' compaſs'd round with ruin,
Can ſtand undaunted on the brink of fate,
And, to the laſt, his ſacred cauſe maintain.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE II.

The Pavilion of Indamora.

INDAMORA and FATIMA.

FATIMA.

My deareſt Miſtreſs, to what barb'rous laws
Stern Fate has made thee ſubject!—The fierce Lion,
In this dire clime, is nobler far than man:
He lives but to protect his weaker mate,
Smooths all her paths, and even dies to ſave her;
While Man, who boaſts the glorious light of reaſon,
Adds to the various ills entail'd on woman.
Nay, wreaks his cruelty beyond the grave!

INDAMORA.

Born, as thou waſt, beneath mild Perſian ſkies,
The rigours of our law excite thy wonder:
But I, accuſtom'd to behold theſe walls
Cruſted with ſmoke of human ſacrifice,
I, who, alas, too frequently have ſeen
The op'ning flower of life conſum'd in flames,
I ſtand reſign'd to meet that aweful doom
Which waits the Matron who ſurvives her Lord.

FATIMA.

FATIMA.

Canſt thou alone be tranquil and reſign'd,
When e'en the humbleſt menial of thy train
Is loſt in frantic woe?

INDAMORA.

My Huſband lives not;
His ſpirit calls me hence.

FATIMA.

Can ſorrow, then,
Chaſe from thy boſom ev'ry wiſh to live?—
How muſt thy ſoul have doated on it's Lord!

INDAMORA.

Miſtake not, Fatima. Tyrannic Honor
Alone impels my ſteps.—I have no choice,
Save death, or more intolerable ſhame!

FATIMA.

Unjuſt, inhuman law!

INDAMORA.

Weep not, my Friend!
The ſun of happineſs ne'er beam'd on me—
From early youth, e'en to the preſent hour,
Miſfortune's clouds have darken'd all my days.

FATIMA.

What ſayſt thou?—Whence that agonizing ſigh?
Ne'er, till this wretched moment, has one ſound
Of murm'ring diſcontent eſcap'd thoſe lips.

INDAMORA.

Know, duty to a huſband tied my tongue.

FATIMA.

That duty ceaſes now—and ere the flames
For ever hide thee from my ſight, O ſpeak,
Deign, my lov'd Miſtreſs, to unveil the ſource
Of thoſe faſt-guſhing tears, which e'en the thought
Of thy approaching, thy terrific fate
Cou'd not force from thee.

INDAMORA.

For myſelf alone
I ne'er cou'd weep—but, for my dearer ſelf!—
O BRAMA, if I have tranſgreſs'd thy laws
By loving One, when to Another wedded,
Accept, in expiation for the crime,
Thy hapleſs ſervant's life!

FATIMA.

I'm loſt in wonder!

INDAMORA.

Alas, what cruel, what inceſſant conflicts,
'Twixt Love and Duty have I not endur'd!—
But thou ſhalt know my ſorrows—for thy heart,
Thy faithful heart, will then forbear to grieve
That I ſhou'd caſt life's heavy burthen down.—
O moment, big with mis'ry, when my Sire
Forſook his native Ougly's fruitful fields
To ſettle on theſe ſhores!—The ſelf-ſame bark
Which, ſpite of adverſe billows, bore me hither,
The ſelf-ſame bark contain'd—diſaſt'rous fate!—
A Britiſh chief, adorn'd with ev'ry virtue
To charm and captivate the gentler Sex.
Oft we convers'd, and ſoon, too ſoon, were join'd
In adamantine bonds of pureſt love:
But the harſh laws of India's barb'rous Clime
Forbade my Father to reſign his Child
Into a Chriſtian's power;—and, leſt this heart

Should

Shou'd dare to diſobey great BRAMA's will,
My ruthleſs Sire compell'd me to accept
The faith of an aged Bukah, whom I loath'd,
Deteſted—for his unenlighten'd mind
Was brutal, ſavage as the fiery pard
Who hunts our woods for prey.

FATIMA.

And canſt thou, then,
O canſt thou to his manes ſacrifice
A life which, now, thy Lover ſure may claim?

INDAMORA.

Alas, he fled from Aſia's fatal ſhore
The inſtant cruel force had torn me from him:
Perhaps, ere now, his noble ſoul has left
That gallant form which, to my mental ſight,
Is preſent ſtill.—Perhaps, in ſome new ſhape
His tender faithful ſpirit hovers near me,
And trembles at his Indamora's doom:
But, if in human mould he ſtood before us,
What cou'd it profit me?—for death itſelf
Diſſolves not, in this land, the nuptial vow.
Religion, honor, virtue, all demand—
O deſtiny accurs'd—that I ſhould join,
For ever join, in death, the hated tyrant
Who tore me from the Huſband of my heart.

FATIMA.

Horror! behold a Bramin moves this way —
His penſive look beſpeaks his fatal errand.

INDAMORA.

Now, BRAMA, drive the Woman from my ſoul,
Arm it with more than manly fortitude,
That I may boldly plunge 'mid gulphs of fire,
And expiate my ev'ry crime 'gainſt thee!

Enter

Enter the young Bramin.

FATIMA.

Com'ſt thou, fell Prieſt, to claim a dreadful promiſe,
And crop the ſweeteſt flow'r that ever bloom'd
Beneath theſe ſcorching ſuns?—O gaze upon her,
Gaze on that angel-form, that winning ſoftneſs,
And pity, ſure, will melt thy harden'd heart!

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Thus, whereſoe'er I tread, reproach purſues me!

INDAMORA, *to Fatima.*

Withdraw, my Friend.—We wou'd be private.
[*Exit Fatima.*

Bramin,
Dread not reproach from me. In thee 'tis virtue
To urge my fate, and lead me to the flames.

YOUNG BRAMIN, *aſide.*

Her accents pierce my ſoul;—her plaintive eyes,
Where deep-deſpairing ſorrow ſits enthron'd,
Deſtroy my beſt reſolves.

INDAMORA.

From whence proceeds
That pitying ſigh? Stern BRAMA's Votaries,
In tenfold apathy ſhou'd ſheathe their hearts.

YOUNG BRAMIN, *aſide.*

Can I, the guardian of our hallow'd altars,
Bereave them of their prey? Compaſſion, hence!
And thou, unfeeling Honor, teach theſe hands
To do their horrid office!—Gentle Lady,
Our Chief commands, that I ſhould guide thy ſteps
To yonder funeral pile.

INDAMORA.

INDAMORA.

Why ſtarts that tear?
Why doſt thou gaze ſo anxiouſly upon me?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Oh I muſt gaze no longer! leſt my lips,
Rebellious to their duty, bid thee ſhun
That death, which, if our Sages err not, wafts
Thy ſoul to bliſs tranſcendent as thy fame.

INDAMORA.

Thoſe looks, thoſe words, accord not with a Bramin.
Say, wherefore didſt thou link thyſelf with Men
Who vow to ſtifle pity.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

O what Mortal
Is Maſter of his fate?—From life's firſt dawn
I've been the ſport of Fortune. Had the hand,
The gen'rous hand which ſnatch'd me from the waves,
Oh had it borne me from this clime for ever!—
An Outcaſt, unconnected with the world,
I enter'd yon proud temple; and, e'en there,
The barb'rous Fiend who, from my natal day,
Aſſail'd my tender life, torments me ſtill.

INDAMORA.

Unhappy Youth!—What Fiend?—

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Tyrannic Cuſtom:
She bids the ſavage ſons of Indoſtan
Suſpend, for three ſucceſſive nights and days,
Beneath ſome branch of the wide-ſtretching palm,
Each Babe whoſe feeble mouth rejects the breaſt:
Theſe hapleſs lips refus'd that firſt ſupport

Of

Of Man's frail being:—thrice 'twas offer'd, thrice
I ſtill refus'd,—when he who gave me life,
By cruel Cuſtom's abſolute decree,
To Ganges' holy flood conſign'd his child:
But Ganges, as if piteous of my fate,
Threw back his burden to the ſhore—when lo!
A ſtranger, by benign compaſſion ſway'd.
With foſt'ring care recall'd my fleeting breath,
And rear'd me up to Man,—but now, alas!
His aged eyes are clos'd.—Forgive me, Lady!
I dwell upon my own calamities,
Nor think of the dread cauſe which brought me hither.

INDAMORA.

Thy ſorrows, ill-ſtar'd Youth, recall my own.
Far from this Shore, in my dear native Land,
That cruel law, which doom'd thee to the waves,
Coſt me a Brother.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Fatal ſuperſtition!

INDAMORA.

Relentleſs BRAMA's wrath purſues my race.
By his decree, in bloody Malabar,
The widow'd Siſter dies;—by his decree
The Brother periſh'd, guiltleſs babe, in Ougly.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

In Ougly, ſaidſt thou?—Wonder, joy and fear,
Spring in my ſoul.—O ſpeak! cam'ſt thou from Ougly?

INDAMORA.

There was I curſt with life.

YOUNG

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Thy Father's name —
Quick, quick reveal it!

INDAMORA.

Was Lanaſſah.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Heav'n!
All bounteous Heaven!——My Siſter!—

INDAMORA.

How?—Amazement!
May I believe?—

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Lanaſſah was my Sire:
Lanaſſah, too, on Ougly's Shore, conſign'd
His infant-ſon to death: but this bleſs'd moment
Atones for all the rigours of my fate.
Oh take a Brother to thy heart ———

INDAMORA.

A Brother!
And may I call thee by that tender name?
Is he who, in this rude unfeeling Land,
Could melt with pity for a Stranger's woes,
Is he indeed my Brother?—Now, methinks,—
Thy pardon, BRAMA!—now, I fain would live,
But oh, it muſt not be!

YOUNG BRAMIN.

It muſt! it ſhall!
BRAMA himſelf has ſent me here to ſave thee!

INDA-

INDAMORA.

No, rather ſay to torture me.—Ah, think,
At what a moment we are re-united!
The gates of life, alas, 'gainſt me are clos'd—
My word is pledg'd—Death claims his promis'd victim,
And, ſhou'd I baſely ſhun his dreadful graſp,
Eternal infamy awaits my fear.
Then, if thou art my Brother, kindly act
An Indian Brother's part;—inſpire this ſoul,
This ſoften'd ſoul, with fortitude to drive
Each tender thought away, and firmly ruſh
Mid waves of roaring flames.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Diſtraction! Horror!
O, thou haſt brought a picture to my view
Which nature ſhrinks from!—Have the Fates reſtor'd thee,
All-perfect as thou ſeem'ſt, have they at length,
Reſtor'd thee to a brother, that his hand
May crop thy being ſhort?—

INDAMORA.

Religion, Honor,
Thy Honor, (dearer than my own,) demands
This forfeit life:—then, let us pauſe no longer,
But lead me to the Pyre.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Lead thee to death!
No—ſooner; far, theſe deſp'rate hands ſhall lay
Yon Temple and it's helliſh laws in aſhes.
Too long, already, this devoted Land
Has groan'd beneath imperious Cuſtom's empire:
But we'll deſtroy the Fiend, o'erthrow her altars,
And,

And, on their ruins, found a godlike Pile
To Reaſon and Humanity.

INDAMORA.

Thou rav'ſt!
Can we, two atoms in the ſcale of Beings,
Can we deſtroy the mighty work of ages,
And trample BRAMA's ſacred laws in duſt?
Nay, were it poſſible, cou'dſt thou, my Brother,
Who bear'ſt a Bramin's hallow'd name, cou'dſt thou
Be impious, ſacrilegious?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Peace, I charge thee!
Thy cruel words drive Reaſon from her ſeat,
And fill this anguiſh'd mind with madneſs.—Hah!
A ray of light breaks in—'tis ſent by Heaven,
In pity to our ſuff'rings.—If thy heart
Can boaſt one ſpark of that unfeign'd affection
Which blazes, with triumphant power, in mine,
Approach not yon terrific Pile till I
Return to guide thy ſteps. Farewel, my ſiſter!
And, if a Brother's life be worth thy care,
Remember my injunction.

[*Exit young Bramin.*

INDAMORA.

Like a dart,
Shot from the Tartar's bow, he fled away,
What means this eager haſte!—Dear, ardent Youth!
Can thy weak efforts BRAMA's laws reverſe,
Or make the clam'rous voice of Honor mute?
Still, I'll remember thy injunction—yes—
Far as I can, I'll prove my gratitude,
My tender gratitude to thee.—O, Heaven,

Was

Was not my cup of ſorrow full before?
And muſt this heart, too prone, alas, to grieve
For others' woe, muſt it be tortur'd, rack'd,
With a lov'd Brother's ſuff'rings?—Now, indeed,
Death wears a ghaſtly ſhape.—Reflection, hence!
Leſt theſe new ties bind down my ſoul to earth,
Rob it of endleſs fame, and,—ſad exchange!—
With infamy eternal blaſt my days.

[*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Raymond's Tent.

RAYMOND, *Solus.*

FORGIVE me, O, my Country, if by Love,
Too powerful Love impel'd, I've dar'd to grant,
For one ſhort day, a truce to theſe barbarians!
To-morrow's ſun may ſee their Ramparts ſtorm'd,
Their ſtreets deep-drench'd in blood, their Babes, their Matrons,
Reſign'd to all the brutal rage of War:
And cou'd I, then, when Fortune gave the means,
Cou'd I forbear t' employ this little day
In ſearch of Her, for whoſe dear ſake alone
I brave, once more, theſe fervid Eaſtern ſkies?
O my Beloved!—does thy tender heart
Still groan beneath a Tyrant Huſband's power?
Or has high Heaven, in mercy, broke thy chains,
And given thee back to liberty and Raymond?
By day, by night, thy image haunts my ſoul!
E'en while I ſleep, in baſeleſs fantaſie,
Thy fair form flits before my mental eye:
Sometimes, methinks, I view thee, in the fight,
Falling, beneath a thouſand claſhing ſwords;
Till thy fond Raymond to thy reſcue flies,
Strikes all thy Foes with terror and diſmay,
And bears thee to ſome ſweet enamell'd bower:

Then, with the whirlwind's ſpeed, thou art
tranſported
To a lone rock encompaſs'd round with ſea;
And, while vaſt foaming waves come tow'ring o'er
thee,
Thy Raymond borrows quick an Angel's ſhape,
And wafts thee, in his faithful arms, to Heav'n.
If that bleſs'd Power who, in compaſſion, veils
From mortal eyes the book of Fate, if e'er
He makes a dream the Herald of his will
Sure this is moſt auſpicious.—Albert!—Hah!—

Enter ALBERT.

RAYMOND.

So ſoon return'd!—O, ſpeak, diſcloſe my doom!
It hangs upon thy lips.—Do yonder walls
Yet hold my life, my Love?

ALBERT.

Alas, I know not,
I cou'd not reach the Town.

RAYMOND.

What fatal cauſe
Deter'd thy ſteps?

ALBERT.

A ſpectacle of horror
Which Ign'rance, aided by fanatic Zeal,
Prepares in yon encloſure, where the ſpire—
Sacred to BRAMA, rears it's hallow'd head.
All entrance to the City is denied,
Save thro' yon Temple, whoſe ſtupendous gates
The Natives in ſuch cluſt'ring groupes ſurround,
That 'twere as eaſy to diſpart the earth,
As penetrate thro' this huge maſs of People.

Confuſion

Confuſion on the Rajah!—tho' his tongue,
In honied accents, pleaded for a truce,
That India, and her fraudful Prieſts, might give
Funeral honors to their Warriors ſlain,
His plea was mere pretence.

RAYMOND.

Pretence!

ALBERT.

To offer
A human ſacrifice at BRAMA's ſhrine,
He ſought this pauſe from war.

RAYMOND.

Diſſembling Villain!

ALBERT.

And, ere another be paſt, the Victim,
(A lovely Widow in life's freſheſt bloom,)
Will mount the Funeral-pile, and, ſelf-devoted,
Die to rejoin her Lord.

RAYMOND.

Forbid it, Heaven!
Know'ſt thou not Albert, that the Prieſts of BRAMA,
Lur'd by thoſe gems which each deluded Victim
Preſents at his curſt ſhrine, from age to age
Enforce, thr'out this barb'rous Land, a practice
Which Frenzy, not Religion, firſt began.
Shall Chriſtians, then, who come to chaſe away
Thoſe miſts of error that o'ercloud the Eaſt,
Shall they allow ſelf-murder?

ALBERT.

Should you thwart

The will of the fierce Bramins, they may break
Our juſt-concluded truce.—Wild Havock, then,
Wou'd reign triumphant—and our utmoſt care
To ſuccour her you love.——

RAYMOND.

O, name not Love!
Humanity now calls me—and the Wretch
Who diſregards her voice, is not a Briton!
Strike up our drums—I'll ſeek the treach'rous Rajah—
And, if entreaties move him not, this ſword
Thro' butchering Prieſts ſhall mow it's deſp'rate way,
And ſave the Victim.

[*A flouriſh. Exit Raymond.*

ALBERT.

Inconſid'rate youth!
Ardent to ſave a ſingle life he goes,
Perhaps, to ſpill the blood of thouſands.—Hah!
If my ſight errs not, hither ſpeeds a Bramin.

Enter the young Bramin.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Where is your Chief?—this moment wou'd I ſee him—

ALBERT.

Then, ſeek the City—thither is he gone
To overthrow yon fatal Pile which tow'rs
Above your Temple-gates.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

O, rapture! Gone!
Is he then gone?—Heaven aid the glorious work,
And,

And, on his head, pour choiceſt bleſſings down!
But haſte, brave Warrior, haſte to ſave your fleet.
Our crafty Bramins, anxious to avert
From their ſolemnities, each Chriſtian eye,
Sent, ere I fled the walls, a daring Band
To fire yon ſtately ſhips.

ALBERT.

Infernal Traitors!
And is it thus they keep the truce? What, ho,
Soldiers, to arms!—If truth dwells on thy tongue,
Not e'en the altars of accurſed BRAMA,
Shall prove a refuge to his perjur'd Sons.
[*Exit Albert. A flouriſh.*

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Exalted Chief of Britain! art thou gone,
By nought, ſave mild Humanity, impel'd,
To reſcue One thou know'ſt not?—O, for feet
Swift as the Antelope's, that I might fly,
With this bleſs'd news, to wretched Indamora!
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The inſide of the Pagod of ESWARA.

Solemn Muſic.

Enter, from the further end of the Pagod, a Proceſſion of Bramins, &c. followed by the Chief-Bramin, Indamora, Fatima, and Indians. Indamora throws gifts to the People as ſhe walks along.

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Here, let us pauſe. Retire, my Friends, and wait in yonder hallow'd ſquare. [*Exeunt all, but the Chief-Bramin and Indamora.*] Heroic Matron,

Caſt off thoſe ſparkling gems, thoſe gorgeous veſtments,
Almighty BRAMA claims; and, robed in white,
Come forth, a ſpotleſs off'ring, fit for Heaven.

INDAMORA.

I go; but mark me, Prieſt. The holy Youth,
By thee deputed to inſpire this heart
With fortitude to die, his hand alone
Shall lead me to the flames.

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Why ſtay for him?
Unmindful of his charge, th'inconſtant Boy
Cannot be found:—and, in theſe tott'ring walls,
By Foes encircled, each delay breeds danger.
Thy word is paſt; already thy great ſoul,—
Tow'ring above this Earth, is fix'd on Heaven.
The Champion of our law, th' elect of BRAMA,
The bright example of thy Sex thou ſtand'ſt;
And death alone remains to waft thy fame
To holy Ganges and the diſtant Ind.
Thy Huſband too, perhaps——

INDAMORA.

Name not my Huſband!
There's terror in the word——but, ſince our law
Makes death, or infamy, my only choice,
I cannot pauſe between them. What rewards
The Gods beſtow on thoſe who dare to meet
A doom like mine, is yet wrap'd up in darkneſs;
Nor will I truſt my thoughts to meditate
On ſcenes a world unknown may bring to view.
Sorrow has been my portion here—and ſorrow
Turns death's terrific ſemblance into ſmiles.—
But, for thoſe favor'd few, whoſe paths are ſtrew'd
With roſes, not with thorns, to die is grievous—

And

And O, if Martyrs' prayers indeed are borne
On Angels' wings to Heaven, great BRAMA, hear!
And never more let Honor's voice compel
The heart unfortified by woe, to ruſh
Mid life-devouring fires!

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Thy wiſh is impious!
And ſullies, with it's pois'nous breath, the crown,
The Martyr's crown which hovers o'er thy head,
By holy BRAMA, theſe vile Sons of Britain
With coward Chriſtian doctrines taint our minds
More quickly than their thunders 'raze our Cities!
And e'en thy mind—ſhame to thy glorious Race!
Thy mind's infected.—Hence! prepare for death!
And, mark me, if thou dar'ſt again to cheriſh
One thought repugnant to high BRAMA's laws,
His vengeful arm will plunge thy ſoul in flames
Unquenchable, eternal!

[*Exit the Chief Bramin.*

INDAMORA.

Furious Prieſt!
Thy words diſgrace the Power thou mean'ſt to ſerve.
My Brother! wherefore com'ſt thou not?—Ah, wherefore,
In cruel kindneſs, doſt thou lengthen out
Theſe laſt ſad hours of life?—And muſt I die
For him my ſoul deteſts?—That thought alone
Puts fortitude to flight.—Support me, Heaven!
And if a wretch ſo fallible, ſo frail,
Dare aſk thy favor, deign to hear me now!
Shou'd that dear Youth who, ſpite of time and diſtance,

Still reigns unrivall'd in this fond, fond heart,
Shou'd he yet draw the vital air, O make me,
(Soon as this mortal form to aſhes turns,)
Make me a Guardian-Angel to my Love!
Then, if temptations riſe to ſtain his honor,
I'll whiſper in his ear bright Virtue's charms;
Then, if he ſtrives in the unequal combat,
I'll turn the murd'rous falchion from his breaſt;
And when, at length, worn out with glorious toils,
He ſtruggles in the very arms of death,
I'll watch his Spirit from its houſe of clay,
And guide it to extatic joys above!
Cou'd I hope this!——My Brother!——

Enter the Young Bramin.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Indamora!
I come, the happy meſſenger of joy!
Each threat'ning cloud, which gather'd o'er thy head,
Is breaking faſt away——Britannia's Chief,
Fearleſs, has paſt our gates, and now, with all
A Lover's warmth, before the Rajah pleads
For thy dear life,—nay, even deigns to offer
Peace, honorable peace, if BRAMA's Sons
No more pollute his rites with human blood.

INDAMORA.

Aſtoniſhment!—Can Britain's Leader riſk
His precious life for me, for One he knows not?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Benevolence, that glorious Guide of all
Who bear the Chriſtian name, Benevolence
Alone impels his ſteps.

INDA-

INDAMORA.

O lead me to him!
That I may pour out this full ſoul in thanks
For goodneſs ſo tranſcendent.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Hold!—Our laws,
Our cruel laws, detain thee here. Excite not
The anger of the Prieſts, leſt they ſhould drag thee,
Heart-rending thought! to inſtant death———

Enter Fatima.

FATIMA.

O Bramin,
If thou indeed wou'dſt prove thyſelf the Brother
Of my lov'd Miſtreſs, fly, and ſave her champion.
No ſooner did the Prieſts his purpoſe learn,
Than, in yon hallow'd ſquare, they poſted Ruffians
To ſtab him as he quits the Temple.

INDAMORA.

Horror!
And ſhall he bleed for me?——The truce muſt
guard him———

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Already is that broken.—England's fleet
Is wrapp'd in flames.

INDAMORA.

Nay, then, my death alone
Can quell the murd'rous fury of our Prieſts,

And

And ſave this Hero's life.—In ſuch a cauſe,
To die is tranſport!

YOUNG BRAMIN.

O what madneſs——

INDAMORA,

Haſte!
Haſte, if thou lov'ſt me! Tell th'inſatiate Bramins,
I go to caſt theſe ſplendid trappings off,
And, inſtant, meet my doom.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

O ſtop!—Reflect!

INDAMORA.

This is no time for thought. Nay, if thou ling'reſt,
I'll to the Prieſts myſelf. Exalted Briton,
This heart, reſponſive to thy own, exults
To die for him who riſks his life for me!
[*Exit* Indamora.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Stop, Indamora!—
[*To* Fatima,] Follow, quickly follow!
Arreſt her fatal ſteps! Tell her, the brand
Which lights her Funeral-Pyre conſumes me too:
O bid her live, and truſt a Brother's zeal
To ſave her Champion!— [*Exit* Fatima.] Gracious
Heaven! he's here!—

Enter

Enter Raymond, *(attended.)*

RAYMOND.

Conduct me to your victim: I would learn,
From her own lips, if 'tis her choice to die.
Behold the Rajah's mandate. *(Shews a paper.)*

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Noble Chief,
Our lofty Prieſts own not the Rajah's power
Within theſe hallow'd walls: beſides, the Victim
Is parted hence, to purify her ſoul
By holy rites, and fit it for the ſkies.

RAYMOND.

Away!—Thou'ſt coin'd this tale.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

You little know me.

RAYMOND.

Thou art a Bramin.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Yes, I bluſh to own it:
But, tho' a Bramin, I am ſtill a Man;
A Man oppreſs'd by ſorrow.——Read my ſoul.—
In her, whom cruel fate condemns to die,
I found a lovely Siſter.———

RAYMOND.

Hah! a Siſter!

Then

Then ſhe is loſt indeed.—Too well I know
The bonds of Nature here are burſt in twain;
And he, who ſhould protect a Siſter's life,
Exhorts her to the flames.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Confound not me
With my accurs'd aſſociates. This fond breaſt
Glows with fraternal love; nor is there aught
I've not attempted to preſerve the beſt,
The brighteſt of her ſex. E'en to thy camp
I flew for aid,—" but thou, benignant Chriſtian!—
" Waſt gone, unaſk'd, to plead the righteous cauſe
" Of ſoft humanity. Fain would theſe lips
" Eſſay to thank thee;—but all words muſt fail
" To paint th'overwhelming ſenſe of gratitude
" Which reigns in ſouls like mine."

RAYMOND.

Thy accents, Prieſt,
Accord not with deceit. I'll doubt no more.
Then tell me, is it choice, or rigid Honor,
Impels thy Siſter's ſteps? Say, was her heart
So wedded to its Lord, that life, without him,
Is but a ling'ring death?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

If Fame ſpeaks true,
Her heart had early form'd another union,
Which cruel wedlock broke.

RAYMOND.

Another union!

YOUNG

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Yet, ſuch is her heroic ſenſe of honor,
That all a Brother's prayers have not avail'd
To ſhake her direful purpoſe:—but kind Heaven,
As if reſolv'd to ſtop our bloody rites,
Has ſent a pitying Angel, in thy form,
To ſave my dearer ſelf, my Indamora——
Wherefore that ſtart? what mean thoſe looks of frenzy?

RAYMOND.

Thy Indamora, ſaid'ſt thou?—She, the Victim!
Came I thus far to be the wretched Witneſs
Of Indamora's death?—Diſtraction!— Lead me,
If pity ever touch'd thy boſom, lead me
This moment to her ſight!

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Alas, thoſe gates,
To Strangers ever clos'd, muſt keep thee from her,
Till, rob'd for ſacrifice, ſhe iſſues forth
To mount yon horrid Pile.

RAYMOND.

My brain's on fire——
Oh urge me not to madneſs!—

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Heav'n and Earth!
Whence ſprings this ſudden rage?

RAYMOND.

I tell thee, Bramin,

Not

Not gates of tenfold adamant ſhall ſtop
A deſp'rate Lover's courſe.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

A Lover's ——Hah!

RAYMOND.

Oh, ſhe was mine by ev'ry ſacred tie
That binds enamour'd hearts, ere ruthleſs Bukah
Seiz'd her reluctant hand!

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Myſterious Heav'n!—
Yet liſten to my words, and let not paſſion,
Blind headſtrong paſſion, render vain the wonders,
The miracles a Power divine has wrought
On this inhuman ſhore ——

Enter Narrain.

NARRAIN.

Speed, Chief of Britain,
From theſe perfidious walls!—Our fraudful Rajah,
Confed'rate with the Bramins, feign'd to lean
Towards honorable peace, that he might lure thee
Into his curſed toils. The faithleſs Wretch,
'Spite of our truce, involves thy fleet in flames:
And now, the Bramins lead a mighty Hoſt
To ſlay thee in this Temple. Though a native
Of guileful Malabar, my heart recoil'd
At baſeneſs ſo unrival'd; and I flew
(Impatience lent me wings,) to warn thee hence.

RAYMOND.

Well, let the Traitors come. This little Band,

With

With conſcious Virtue arm'd, is more than equal
To thouſands, fighting in a guilty cauſe.

NARRAIN.

Alas, not e'en thy matchleſs valour, Chief,
Which oft has made our braveſt warriors fly,
Not e'en thy valour can avail.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Reflect,
The life of Indamora hangs on thine.

RAYMOND.

O thou haſt made a Coward of me!

(A diſtant ſhout.)

NARRAIN.

Hark!
Heard ye that ſhout? — The Murd'rers come —
O haſte! ——

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Yon graſs-grown aile conducts thee to a cavern
Scoop'd thro' the ſolid rock; and oft, 'tis ſaid,
The ſepulchre of thoſe who dare rebel
'Gainſt BRAMA's ſov'reign Prieſt: This cavern leads,
By windings, to the main. Then haſte, brave Chriſtian,
Myſelf will point the way: haſte to thy camp;
And, ſince our truce is broken, bring thy powers,
Clad in the terrors of wide-waſting war,
To reſcue her thou lov'ſt.—Meanwhile, my cares
Shall, for a time, retard the ſacrifice.

(A louder ſhout.)

NARRAIN.

Another ſhout!

YOUNG

YOUNG BRAMIN.

O haſte!——

RAYMOND.

What?—Leave my Love
In the fell Bramins' graſp?—No—this good arm—

YOUNG BRAMIN.

What can one arm atchieve, oppos'd to thouſands
Speed, or my Siſter dies!—Behold that Pile—— ?

RAYMOND.

Horror! diſtraction! O direct me, Heav'n!
(Another ſhout.)

YOUNG BRAMIN.

In me, thy Indamora calls——

RAYMOND.

I come:
But, mark me, tell theſe treach'rous Prieſts of BRAMA,
Theſe vile Aſſaſſins, Indamora ſtands
A ſhield 'twixt them and fate: — Should they deſtroy her,
By Heav'n I'll ſweep their bloody Race from earth.
Their Friends, their altars, nay, their very Idols,
Shall feel my utmoſt rage.—This ſplendid Temple
I'll make a ſmoking heap of duſt and ruins,
And the whole city one huge Funeral Pyre.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A ſpacious Quadrangle, ſurrounded with Rocks.— At the further end, the Pagod of Eſwara. — *A Funeral-Pile in the middle of the Quadrangle, with a Platform, leading from the ſteps of the Pagod to the top of the Pile.—The Sea at a diſtance.— Time, Evening. — The riſing Moon diſcovers the Engliſh Fleet ſtanding out to Sea.*

The Young Bramin *ſolus.*

WRETCH that I am! and is the only joy,
The only ray of hope my ſoul cou'd catch at,
Obſcur'd ſo ſoon?—Supreme Eswara, hear me!
With ſtrength divine endue this feeble mind;
Leſt I ſhould murmur at thy ſacred will,
And dare to queſtion thy indulgent goodneſs!
O Raymond! when benevolence like thine
Is recompens'd with death,—when Indamora,
The good, the pious Indamora, falls
By Prieſtcraft's guileful hand;—Oh, who ſhall ſay,
That Virtue is the care of Heaven? I ſhudder!—
My tongue grows impious.
Deareſt Indamora!
Thou know'ſt not half the rigours of thy fate—
For this, I thank the Gods. — With what fond tranſport
I flew to tell her, that a Lover's arm
Was rais'd to ſhield her life!—but bleſs'd indeed,

Thrice bleſs'd, was the High-Prieſt's imperious mandate,
Which bar'd my entrance.

Enter Fatima.

FATIMA.

Bramin, from thy Siſter,
A laſt requeſt I bring; that thou'lt forbear,
Thro' raſh miſtaken love t'oppoſe her doom.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Alas, the hand which ſhould have ſnatch'd her from it
Is now unnerv'd.—The glorious Chief of Britain
No ſooner 'ſcap'd from hence than, ſwift as light,
Eager to ſave his burning ſhips he ſped;
But, ſcarce had reach'd the harbour, when a jav'lin,
By Indian fury guided, pierced his heart.——
Confounded, panic ſtruck, the troops of Britain
On board the remnant of their ſquadron haſte,
And ſpread each ſail for flight.

FATIMA.

Whence comes this news?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

From one, by the Chief Bramin's care, diſpatch'd
To bring intelligence;—and, were there need
Of aught t'authenticate the tale, behold,
Where lightly ſkimming o'er the pathleſs main,
The rapid veſſels fly.

FATIMA.

My dear loſt Miſtreſs!
Are, then, thy many virtues all devoted
A prey to rav'nous flames?

YOUNG

YOUNG BRAMIN.

No——ere ſhe mounts
This fatal Pile, I ſwear, th'inhuman Prieſts
Shall tear me limb from limb.——Nay, I'll appeal
To India's Sons at large, aſſert the rights
Of nature, and demand a Siſter's life.
Haſte to her, Fatima, declare my purpoſe,
My fix'd reſolve not to ſurvive her loſs.
[*Exit* Fatima.

Solemn Muſic.

A grand Funeral-Proceſſion advances from the Pagod of Eſwara, *and, croſſing the Platform, deſcends upon the Stage.*

Chorus of Bramins.

Haſte, haſte, haſte! the ſolemn Rites prepare!
BRAMA'S Sons an off'ring bring;
Haſte, haſte, haſte! the ſolemn Rites prepare!
Let our Shores with gladneſs ring.

Semi-Chorus.

See! the widow'd Fair draws nigh,
Deck'd with beauty's freſheſt bloom:
See her nobly fix'd to die,
On an aged Huſband's tomb.

Chorus of Bramins.

Heav'n, with gracious ſmile, looks down;
Haſte, the ſolemn Rites prepare!
Lo! behold!—a Martyr's crown
Floats upon the buoyant air!

Semi-Chorus.

Heart-cheering ſongs of proudeſt triumph raiſe;
To India's further confines waft her praiſe,
Who prizes life leſs high than glorious fame,
And adds new luſtre to great BRAMA's name!

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Horror!—my heart dies in me.—Righteous Gods,
Look down, look down at this diſtracting moment;
Send winged lightnings to conſume that Pile,
Or arm with more than mortal eloquence
Theſe trembling lips, that I may melt the breaſts,
The iron breaſts of India's Tribes to pity!

The Proceſſion continues with Oriental Muſic. The Chief Bramin and his Train advance from the Pagod. A Number of Indians crowd the Quadrangle.

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Natives of India, give a looſe to joy!
The Monſter, War, is fled, and lovely Peace,
With bleſſings in her train, deſcends from Heav'n,
To heal the wounds of this afflicted land.
BRAMA, all-gracious Lord! to ſwell the fame
Of his vicegerent here, has deign'd to make
Your Sov'reign-Prieſt his bleeding Country's Saviour.
Another day too ſurely wou'd have crown'd
Britain's deteſted Sons with victory.——
I madden'd at the thought.—The plaintive Shades
Of our brave Vet'rans, on the ramparts ſlain,
Each moment roſe before me, and call'd loud
For vengeance on the Foe.—To break our truce,

Or

Or drag the chain of ſlavery, and ſee
Our laws, our altars, nay, our Pagods periſh,
Alone remain'd.—I paus'd not in my choice,
But ſent a faithful Band, to blaſt with flames
The ſtately fleet of Britain.—Fair ſucceſs
Follow'd the patriot-deed:—avenging BRAMA
Smote the proud Chriſtian Chief, whoſe lips profane
So lately dar'd to thwart his will;—and now,
The Enemy, appal'd, forſakes our ſhores.
To BRAMA, then, let grateful incenſe riſe
From this funeral Pile, and reach his throne.

[*To the young Bramin.*]

Young Prieſt, 'tis thine to lead the Victim forth;
Away, and bring her ſtraight.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Infernal Monſter!
Art thou not glutted yet with human blood?
Cannot the death of Raymond, peerleſs Chief!
Suffice to ſate thy cruelty?—Nay, frown not—
Think'ſt thou I ſtill can venerate a Wretch
Who violates the faith of Nations, nay,
Boaſts of the helliſh act, and calls himſelf,
(Unheard of blaſphemy!) the inſtrument
Of an avenging God?

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Am I awake?
What madneſs prompts thee?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

The clear light of Reaſon.
Art thou a Prieſt? art thou a hallow'd Bramin?
When all thy deeds proclaim, thour't not a Man.
Humanity, the inſtinct of our Kind,

Born in us, with us, and our being's ſoul,
The eſſence of our nature,—thou, fell Savage!
Thou know'ſt it not.—Some flinty rock conceiv'd
And brought thee forth, to ſcourge the human Race.
Thy heart ne'er ſoften'd at another's woe,
Nor felt the godlike bliſs of drying up
Afflicted Virtue's tears. This barb'rous Temple,
This tyger's den, ne'er witneſs'd one kind act
Of ſweet compaſſion.—Oh I grieve to think
I ever enter'd its diſgraceful doors!

CHIEF BRAMIN.

Wert thou not ſhielded by that ſacred garb,
My vengeance ſhould o'ertake thee, empty Railer!
Canſt thou aboliſh Cuſtoms handed down
From age to age, as holy and heroic?
Can thy weak hand root up that ancient Cypreſs
Which ſhadows all the Eaſt?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Reaſon's ſtrong axe
Shall fell it to the Earth.

CHIEF BRAMIN.

Vain-glorious Boy!
Time, round the tree, has wrapp'd a triple braſs.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Say, rather, round thy heart.

CHIEF BRAMIN.

Urge me no more;
Leſt all the ſelf-command a Bramin boaſts
Should not ſuffice to ſtem the tide of paſſion
Which riſes in my ſoul, blaſpheming Traitor!

This

This moment bring the Matron, or, with life,
Atone thy breach of duty.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Think'ſt thou, threats
Can bend me to thy will?—Then learn, Barbarian,
Such is my zeal to ſave this blameleſs Victim,
That, 'ſpite of pride, and the long-cheriſh'd rancour,
Which Indians feel 'gainſt Europe's craving ſons,
I ſought, this morn, the Britiſh Leader's tent,
And would have ſtoop'd t'implore his aid; but he,
Unaſk'd, had ta'en upon him the defence
Of Indamora's life.

CHIEF BRAMIN.

Conſummate Villain!
Faithleſs alike to India and her Gods!
Bear him to death:—not e'en thoſe holy veſtments
Shall longer prove his ſhield.

(To the ſecond Bramin.)

Mean-while, go thou,
And lead the Matron forth.

(Guards ſurround the young Bramin.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Thou know'ſt not yet
Of half my guilt, if it be guilt to hear
Great Nature's voice.—Liſten, my Countrymen!
In Indamora, I have found a Siſter,
Whom that relentleſs Fiend would ſnatch away
The moment Fortune gives her to my ſight.——
But Oh, if Nature be not dead within ye,
Aſſert her cauſe and mine,—preſerve this Siſter,

And prove, that virtue and benignant pity,
In ſpite of Prieſt-craft, ſtill adorn the Eaſt.

Muſic.

Semi-chorus.

See! The Widow'd Fair draws nigh,
Deck'd with beauty's freſheſt bloom;

See her nobly fix'd to die
On an aged Huſband's tomb!

Grand chorus of Bramins.

Heav'n with gracious ſmile, looks down;
Haſte, the ſolemn Rites prepare!
Lo! Behold! a Martyr's crown
Floats upon the buoyant air!

INDAMORA *advances, (robed in white and veil'd,) from the Pagod of* ESWARA:—*ſhe is led by the Second* BRAMIN, *and followed by two* WOMEN, *the one bearing a Mirror, the other a dart.* FATIMA *attends.*

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Look there!—Look there!—Can ye permit that form?——

CHIEF BRAMIN.

Peace, impious Wretch!—Bear him to inſtant death.

(Guards ſeize the young Bramin.)

INDAMORA, *running down from off the Platform.*

Bear him to inſtant death!——Stop, murdrous Ruffians!

(She attempts to free her brother, but the guards oppoſe her.)

Do

Do ye reſiſt?—Avaunt!—Wou'd ye defile,
With touch profane, the Favorite of Heaven?
(The Guards retire) My Brother! is it thus we meet again!
And has thy boundleſs love for me—O, horror!
O'erwhelm'd thee in deſtruction?

CHIEF BRAMIN.

Haſte! Begone!

INDAMORA.

Spare him, great Prieſt!—Lo, on my knees I ſue.

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Thy ſuit is vain.

INDAMORA.

Then, by ESWARA's ſelf,
Heaven's awful King! yon Pile ſhall ne'er receive
It's deſtin'd prey.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

What ſays my Siſter?—Rapture!
And can I ſtill preſerve thee?—Lead me hence—
This moment let me die.—But O, remember,
Thy word is paſt—my death gives life to thee!

INDAMORA.

Mis'ry!—The very thought is madneſs, torment,
Worſe than the fire that waits me!

YOUNG BRAMIN.

O forbear!
This one embrace —— and now ———

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Stop, headſtrong Boy!
And learn, ye Tribes of India, that a Bramin
Can triumph o'er reſentment, to promote

The

The glory of his Gods. Haſte, Indamora,
Aſcend yon conſecrated Pyre; and take,
In recompence, thy Brother's forfeit life.

INDAMORA.

Ten thouſand bleſſings on thy tongue! thou'ſt rais'd me
From mis'ry's deepeſt gulph to higheſt joy.
Quick light the Pile!—I fly to meet my doom!

A Bramin advances with a lighted firebrand, and kindles the Funeral-Pile.

YOUNG BRAMIN, *holding Indamora.*

O, by the love I bear thee!—by the tortures!—

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Part them. Nay, pauſe not, or, he dies.

INDAMORA.

I come.

She breaks from her Brother, who is held by the Guards: the Second Bramin leads her towards the Pile.

YOUNG BRAMIN *to the Guards.*

Stand off, inhuman Ruffians!

INDAMORA, *ſtopping.*

Deareſt Raymond!
Wert thou ſtretch'd lifeleſs on that aweful Pyre,
With what fond ardour wou'd I fly to make
Theſe faithful arms thy tomb!—E'en death, with thee,
Wou'd grow belov'd—but O, to mix my aſhes
With his, whoſe mem'ry I abhor!
[*To the Second Bramin.*] Lead on.—
Reflection, worſe than death itſelf, appals me!

Soft

Soft and ſolemn muſic.

Indamora advances towards the Pile—the Mirror and dart are thrown into it—Slaves throw in oil and incenſe—Bramins kneel to Indamora, who waves her hand as if to bleſs them. Indamora ſtops when ſhe reaches the middle of the Platform, ſtands ready to caſt herſelf on the Pile.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Open kind Earth, and hide me in thy centre!—
Can Heaven look on—— [*Lightning and Thunder.*
Hark! what a dreadful voice
Exclaims againſt ſelf-murder! [*More Thunder.*]
Hark! again,
More terribly it ſounds.—Unhand me, Slaves!

He breaks from the Guards, and ruſhes towards the Platform:—at the ſame moment, a Shout is heard, with a grand Flouriſh of drums and trumpets.

Voices, *from within the Pagod.*

Stop your unhallow'd Rites! Barbarians, ſtop!

RAYMOND, *at the head of his Troops, appears on the ſteps of the Pagod: a ſkirmiſh enſues—the Indians are driven off, and the Chief-Bramin ſeized. Raymond mounts the Platform in order to ſave Indamora.*

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Our Enemy alive!—Confuſion!

YOUNG-BRAMIN.

Tranſport!

RAYMOND.

My Indamora!

INDA-

INDAMORA.

Hah! thoſe well-known accents
Call back my fleeting ſoul.—Am I on Earth?

RAYMOND.

No —— thus to ſnatch thee from the flames is
Heav'n!

INDAMORA.

Lord of my heart!—yet, ſure, 'tis fancy all——
Can he, for whom alone I wiſh to live,
Can he be ſent to ſave me?

RAYMOND.

Bounteous Pow'rs!
What joy e'er equal'd mine?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

My more than Brother!
To ſee thee living is indeed a bliſs
I little hoped for.—Fame declar'd thee dead.

INDAMORA.

O ſay what miracle——

RAYMOND.

By my command
The rumour of my death went forth; and, by
The ſame command, part of my troops embark'd
In the poor remnant of our ſquadron; others,
Led on by Albert and myſelf, took poſt
In hollows near the deep:—and ſoon as night
Began to caſt her pitchy mantle o'er us,
Albert aſſail'd and ſeiz'd th'unguarded Town;
While I, by the ſame cavern which, this day,
From Treach'ry's poniard ſav'd me, reach'd the
Temple.

INDA-

INDAMORA.

My Guardian! my Deliverer! how dear,
How doubly dear is life, preſerv'd by thee!

YOUNG BRAMIN, [*to the Chief Bramin*]

Moſt juſt are Heav'ns awards! The very Cave
Which thou, blood-thirſty Wretch, too oft haſt ſtain'd
With human gore, now proves thy deadlieſt bane,
Thy total overthrow!———

CHIEF BRAMIN.

Ceaſe, give me death———
———Moſt welcome death!

RAYMOND.

No—learn that Chriſtian's conquer
To ſave and humanize Mankind. Live, Bramin!
And, henceforth, let our holy doctrines teach thee,
That the peculiar Miniſters of Heaven
Shou'd ſcatter peace and comfort o'er the world;
Turn ſavage cruelty to gentle love,
Diſarm the hand of vengeance of its ſteel,
Relieve the Needy, heal Affliction's wounds,
And, in the boſom of forlorn Deſpair,
Relume the embers of life-cheering Hope:—
Theſe are the acts by which a Prieſt proclaims
His miſſion is from Heaven.

CHIEF BRAMIN.

Thy clemency
Is inſult all.—Gods! ſhall a Bramin ſtoop
T'embrace the faith he ſcorns—the Chriſtian faith?
No—rather let me die.

INDAMORA.

If ſuch its doctrines,
Who wou'd not be a Chriſtian'?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Oh! too long
Spite of kind Reaſon's warnings, we have ſtray'd
In BRAMA's thorny paths.
(To Raymond.)—But thou ſhalt teach us
The precepts of a faith which lifts Mankind
Above humanity.

CHIEF BRAMIN.

Accurſed moment!
Our Victim ſnatch'd away, our City captur'd,
Our very Bramins traitors to their Gods!
Oh I have liv'd too long!—Alas, my Country!
Art thou condemn'd to bear a Victor's yoke?
To groan beneath Oppreſſion's iron rod,
And laviſh all thy precious ſtores to feed
The av'rice of thy Lords?—Vindictive BRAMA!
If, for the crimes of this once-favour'd Land,
Thy arm be ſtretch'd againſt us, let the blood
Of thy ſtill-faithful Servant,—here devoted
A ſacrifice to thee,—O let it turn
Thy vengeful ire to mercy! *(Draws a dagger.)*

RAYMOND.

Hah! what mean'ſt thou?

CHIEF BRAMIN.

T'appeaſe the wrath divine, and free myſelf
From hated Chriſtian chains. *(He ſtabs himſelf.*

RAYMOND.

Fanatic, hold!

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Support him!

CHIEF

CHIEF BRAMIN.

Hence, thou ſtigma to thy name!
The hand of Death already gripes me hard—
That pang—it rends my vitals—Hah! ſee, ſee!
I ſink in gulphs of fire.—Torment! O Heaven!
If I have err'd—forgive—O mercy!—Oh!—
(*Dies.*)

RAYMOND.

There fled a ſoul which, had Religion's ſun
Unclouded beam'd upon it, might have grac'd
And comforted the Land.—My Indamora,
This genial ſun ſhall ſhed his rays on thee;
Make all thy budding virtues bloſſom fair,
And, with their fruits, bleſs Raymond and thy Country.
Whilſt thou, young Prieſt, who, 'ſpite of Errors miſts,
Diſcovered and purſued bright Virtue's paths,
Thou, in yon Temple, henceforth reign ſupreme,
And, on its altars, fix the CHRISTIAN CROSS.

[*The Curtain drops.*]

END OF THE THIRD AND LAST ACT.

4 AP 54